

The Enterprise.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1870.

The Greenville Enterprise
Is the Largest Newspaper, and
Enjoys the Most Extensive
Circulation of any Paper
Published in the City
and County of
Greenville.

Death of General Robert Edmund Lee.

Public Proceedings in Greenville.

The announcement in Greenville of the death of General Lee, which occurred at his home in Virginia on the 12th inst., produced here, as everywhere else in the South, the profoundest emotions. On the morning after the sad event was known, the Mayor and Council of the City met, and the result was a proclamation by the Mayor, T. C. GOWEN, requesting the pastors of the different churches to have the church-bells tolled for two hours in the forenoon, and that the merchants and other business men should close their doors. This accorded with the feelings common with all the citizens, and the requests of the proclamation were universally complied with throughout the City. The effect was solemn and impressive, and a fitting manifestation of the deep concern felt by all.

The Mayor also called a meeting of the citizens to assemble in the evening of the same day, (Friday, 13th inst.) and several gentlemen were specially invited to address the citizens on the mournful subject we were called upon to contemplate. There was accordingly one of the largest assemblies of citizens, men, women and youths of both sexes, have ever seen in the Court House. On motion of Gov. B. F. PERCY, the Mayor, was called to the chair. The Mayor alluded only in a few words to the purpose of the meeting, and called upon Rev. Dr. J. P. BOYCE to explain its object.

Rev. Dr. J. P. BOYCE.
Fellow-Citizens:—I have been requested to announce the object of this meeting. But scarcely can this be necessary. The suppressed whisperings of yesterday afternoon; the assembling of our City Council this morning; the suspension of all business today; the unusual size of this assembly of citizens; and the habiliments of woe in which this hall is clothed, have already sufficiently made known the fact, that Gen. Robert E. Lee is dead. We have assembled to testify to the respect and love which we have borne towards him, and to the sorrow with which our hearts are filled at his loss.

It is not necessary that I should speak of him in terms of eulogy. To others has been assigned that special duty to-night. But I may be permitted to say, that it is well, not only that we should mourn, but that we should give utterance to our sorrow. He whom we have so much loved; in whom we have recognized, not simply the noblest captain, but the noblest man of his age; in whose wisdom and skill we rested with unwavering faith; that what man could do, that would be; to whom we have pointed, often in defeat, with pride as unto one whose greatness has in it, been most signally manifested; who knew how to yield to the duty of allegiance to the only Government which could now protect him, and upon whose fostering care we now had claims; he who rose in this hour of dismay above the anguish and disappointment and bitterness of defeat, and addressed himself to present duty in the education of those youths at Lexington; he who was the very embodiment of that character of high honor, and of generous consideration for others, which marks the race of gentlemen—now so rare within our land. This man, withal, this humble Christian, relying upon the merits of Christ alone for salvation, has passed from the scenes of earth, and entered upon the rewards of the heavenly world. That which is his gain is our loss, for we are left behind in the solitude of our woe, in the evils by which we are surrounded, without the comfort of his presence, or the wisdom of his counsels.

We may well mourn him, and not only we. The very fates of the past, can have little of bitterness—nay, much of honor and respect to show to him now. It is true that the news has reached us to-night, that with the concurrence of a member of the Cabinet of this whole Southern land, has been raised to the top of the staff, and unfurled engineering and insubly by the Collector, whose action has been confirmed by the Secretary of the Treasury. I can but believe such action to be the indication of the personal malice of some. Surely the Government must sympathize with the woe which so naturally fills the Southern hearts. Surely the head of it will not allow such an occasion of soul which out manifesting the magnanimity of soul which becomes a true soldier. Such an act would bind the two sections together more firmly than any other that can be imagined. And I know that such action would be hailed with joy by large numbers at the North who have lost the bitterness which war naturally engenders, have learned to admire the virtues and heroism manifested by the South, even in what they regard as mistaken and false cause, and who especially have learned since the surrender at Appomattox to honor the true greatness of the man who could fight valiantly and skillfully as long as he was to meet an enemy in the field, but who could also sheathe his sword with dignity in unavoidable defeat, without self-reproach, because still believing that his cause was just, and that he had done what he could to maintain it. Varied as may be the ideas men may have of that cause, there is no true man who does not honor him who tore himself so nobly, because himself so noble, in all his various phases. Why this very night we have had an illustration of this. The editor of the *Republican* paper in Charleston has written in terms which do him honor. Maintaining his own views as to the cause, he spoke words of noble praise of the man. In the midst of a severe party conflict, the bitterness of which has never before been witnessed in this State, just on the very eve of an election when silence at least if not words of rebuke for our sorrow might have been regarded the wisest course for mere party sake, he utters the language of eulogy of Gen. Lee, and declares that "the South loved him—the North honored him." Noble utterance of one whose whole sympathy is against the cause for which Lee fought; worthy sentiment of the spirit of true charity, which recognizes the virtues and excellencies even of an opponent and enemy. Such language, however, is but the index of the feeling of the world, which recognizes in Gen. Lee one of the most illustrious and noble men

this country and century has produced. The descendant of the great friend of Washington, he has given the only true reproduction we have yet had of that great and noble chief of the past. And mingled with our sorrow may well be the emotion of gratitude to God for the gift of such an one to render illustrious the country in which he lived—the century to which he belonged.

It is right, therefore, that we should mourn and express our sorrow, and therefore I present for the action of this meeting the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the citizens of Greenville have heard with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of General Robert E. Lee.

Resolved, That mingled with the submission with which they bow to the afflicting hand of divine Providence, is the emotion of deep gratitude to God that such a man has lived and rendered illustrious the century and country to which he belonged.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to make arrangements for the delivery of a eulogy upon him at some future day, in the city, and that the same committee be charged with the duty of securing some suitable person to perform that service.

Rev. Dr. B. MANLY was then called upon by the Chairman and addressed the meeting.

REMARKS OF DR. B. MANLY, JR.

In this spontaneous effort of a united community to do honor to the memory of a representative son of the South, there is no partisan object to be gained, no political distinction to be drawn, no animosity or selfishness to be gratified. The homage rendered is due from all alike. If the South loved him, the North honored him, and all may join in bewailing him. We gather not to dig in the grave, "with hateful animosity, for roots of bitterness;" not to revive the rancor of past struggles or stimulate the ardor of impending conflicts; but to learn the lessons which God's providence writes on the tomb of one of earth's noblest heroes, lessons which may tend to moderate rather than inflame the peculiar excitements of the times, to divert our attention from current themes to the permanent interests which outlive wars, which affect remotest posterity, which will outlast time itself.

In taking my humble part to-night, in giving expression to the sentiments of the public, I cannot claim to know anything of General Lee except what you all know, and that, the world knows as well. His is no limited fame, no temporary brilliance flashed forth by some chance success, and perishable as the fortuitous meteor that occasionally is seen. The civilized world was his witness, and his admirer; and the coming age will reverence him, more fully, more unanimously, more cordially, when the clouds and mists of passing prejudices have been dissipated by time of his war record, others can speak more fully than I. It is to his character as an educator and a Christian that I may most appropriately allude.

Yet there is one fact to which a passing reference may be allowed, in connection with that early and somewhat disastrous campaign in Western Virginia, which seemed to give little token of the subsequent brilliancy of his career. We all remember how, after he had broken through all the powerful considerations which claim him for the Union cause, and drawn his sword in obedience to what he regarded as his paramount duty to his mother, Virginia, he was kept in the background, while others were put forward; how he was patiently throwing up earthworks along the Potomac, while others were winning laurels; and how at last he was commissioned to the hopeless and impracticable task of defending, with insufficient forces the wild country of Western Virginia. He saw the difficulty, appreciated the impossibility of the enterprise, but never murmured, nor sought to be relieved. Some man must make the attempt, any fail, and it would as well be himself as any one, who should stand or fall in the gap, who should lead the necessary yet hopeless struggle.

After the issue, he said to an intimate friend, "I could have won that fight, but at the sacrifice of too many men; and after it had been won, the ground could not have been held. I could better bear the shame of defeat, than the South, in her condition, could bear to lose her men."

That same care for "the men" characterized him all through the war, and won all hearts to him. It was not possible to be unaffected by his obvious grief at the necessary sacrifices, the growing yet unshrinking sadness with which he saw his most precious material sifted, his regiments decimated, his most daring men picked off, and the line of defense growing thinner and thinner, like a spring of steel hammered till it almost seemed transparent, retaining scarcely any thing but its wondrous temper, true steel to the last.

The same spirit of unassuming simplicity and self-sacrifice, which nerve him through the war, controlled his course at its close, and decided the direction of his subsequent labors.

It is easier to rise gracefully than to descend. "It is success that succeeds," says the French proverb. When all is prosperous and progressive, even awkwardness assumes dignity, and littleness looks magnificent when wearing the victor's wreath. But to bear losses and humiliation and overwhelming disaster is the severest test of true magnanimity. Last month witnessed the downfall of one of earth's most remarkable princes, a man of no common greatness. After a conflict of not as many weeks as the years which Lee endured, against a foe about equal in numbers, while Lee was outnumbered fourfold, he surrendered. His fall is greeted with an epigram. "Since I am not die at the head of my army, I am come to lay my sword at the feet of your majesty." Lee's surrender was simple, sublime, heroic, as his defiance had been. No theatrical display, no appeal to sympathy, no eye to applause, no craven plea for favor. He had fought his best, and overmatched by numbers, he was conquered.

It is not difficult to be grand in victory. It requires true greatness to be grand in defeat, to bear failure so as to lose no dignity, to forfeit no confidence, to incur no just reproaches of those who have trusted you and been disappointed. Never scarcely was one man more fully entrusted with the whole resources of a great people, with their treasures and their sons, to the last dollar and the last man, who yet in failure could feel that he had sacrificed none of their confidence, forfeited none of their affection. They risked every thing on one throw of the javelin; they placed that javelin in his hand; he threw; and lost; but their love, their trust, their hearts are his still, not as the passion-

ate feeling of the moment, but as the calm judgment of their maturer reflection. No voice would yesterday have commanded a wider audience, or a more attentive hearing, in all this Southern land, than his; and no death could summon to a more universal mourning.

There is something grand in that persistent silence of his, during these torturing years; silence when friend and foe alike were eager for him to speak, silence amid clamor and misrepresentation, silence when they sought to entangle him in his talk, silence when they clamored for his blood. He spoke only to calm the raging passions, or cheer the despairing energies of the people for whom he would gladly have died, to counsel trust in God, quiet industry, honest endeavor to build up the ruined fragments, and retrieve in peace what we had lost in fatal war.

It would have been sweet and easy for him, on that day of agony in Appomattox, to die as Saul on Gilboa, when victory perched on the opposing banners. But he felt that duty called him and his men to live, to live for the country, to live for the women and children, for the helpless ones of the present, and for those who should be the hope of the future. With scarcely an external indication of the volcanic emotion which he restrained and controlled, he turned to the next duty to be done, to make the best of the bad case, to strengthen the things that remained, the mournful remnants of a ruin'd people.

That duty led him, ere long, into the ranks of the educators of the South, a noble recruit to a noble army, where he rose naturally and at once to the highest position and widest influence. To this work he consecrated the remainder of his life. The boundless energies which flamed at the head of an army, and which kindled an electric enthusiasm throughout all the ranks, so that his own heroic fortitude imparted itself to the humblest private, were now directed with consuming earnestness to the work of training the young. The magnificent belief in him becomes a teacher of boys; the "king of men" devotes his powers to building up a college. Nor was this inconsistent in the slightest degree either with his former duties or the principles that had then actuated him. It was but their legitimate development, under the new circumstances.

The thoughtful man, who threw them selves into that war, were not actuated by blind passion; still less were they influenced by regard to their present and immediate interests, or the ambition of personal official position. They knew that, however the conflict might end, and whatever the result, they would recognize how doubtful its result, their own present comfort, ease and property would suffer more from the war than from submission. They were actuated by a nobler motive, and by a nobler end. They sought to do what they could for their country, to guide the generations that were to come; they saw the progress of ideas and plans in the government, which appeared in their view as the foundation principles, which destroyed the old and the new, which they had believed indispensable to its permanence, and they made the honest but ineffectual effort to withdraw, so as to preserve for posterity the institutions which were the heritage of their fathers.

When the effort failed, there was no room to question what was the next duty of the hour. It was then, and it is to-day, a solemn duty, not to despair of the republic. General Lee felt that he had done, in the field, the best that he could for those whom he affectionately styled "my people." Defeated, disarmed, his noble soul for a moment crushed, he turns to labor for "my people," still, in that high and honorable sphere of training the young men of the land, as well as their part in the life of their country, he calls them to a higher work than this. The future leaders of thought and action in our country are now young men. This is a great and wonderful country, in which Providence has placed them. The times that are passing on it, are crowded with marvelous events, and preparing for still more marvelous destinies. All are called to action. In the midst of our poor, lifeless words, we could hear General Lee himself speak to-night, we know well what counsel would come from him, what exhortations to quiet industry, to calm down the turbulent passions, to cultivate the soil, to educate the mind. This was the language of his example—of his life. Let us be to us the message of his death.

Finally, General Lee was a Christian—there was no parade about it, no eagerness about the puerilities and ceremonies of external devotion, no overmastering zeal for the peculiarities of the church to which he was sincerely attached, but a warm love for God and for good men.

He was not one of those professors of religion who are hanging on by a sort of appendage, curled along simply with the rest, but an active, energetic, working member of the body. He displayed in religion the same calm, solid, unaffected, yet thoroughly earnest simplicity, which he did in everything else.

If any are prone to say, "Christianity may do for women and children, and for men who are like them, for weak and nervous and sentimental people, but will not answer for strong men, for practical men, for men of the highest type and noblest development;" it is a sufficient answer to point to the life and the death of Robert E. Lee.

Gov. B. F. PERCY was then announced by the Chairman, and addressed the meeting.

REMARKS OF GOV. PERCY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have come here to-night with sorrowing hearts to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of the purest, noblest and best of men. The Southern States are now draped in mourning for the death of General Robert E. Lee, the heroic commander in their "Lost Cause." Had the South been successful in its struggle for self government, the name of General Lee would have descended in history as second only to that of Washington. It is said that, in revolution, success makes a hero, and failure a victim or a martyr; but the memory of Robert E. Lee will live in the hearts of his countrymen as proudly and as affectionately as if success had crowned all his efforts and sacrifices. His wisdom, his heroism, his unselfish ambition, and patriotic devotion to his country, have gained the admiration of the world, and endeared him to his friends. Every honest and patriotic man at the North must feel proud of him as an American citizen. It may be true, as my friend has stated, that here and there we may find an official—a spiteful, malignant fiend—so far sunk in infamy as to act as the collector of the customs duty in Savannah; but they will be few and far between. It is hardly in the nature of the worst of men to withhold their admiration of virtue and true nobility of character.

General Lee was the son of General Henry Lee of the American Revolution—the bold and dashing commander of a legion throughout the war, in the Southern States. He was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a soldier and patriot. "Lee's Memoirs of the War" is a work of rare ability. He was the special favorite of Washington, and it is said that his mother was the first love of the immortal man, to whom he addressed lines of poetry in his youth as "The Lowland Beauty." General Henry Lee was appointed by Congress to pronounce a funeral oration on the death of Washington. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and we now apply this beautiful expression to the illustrious son of the orator. General Lee was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Jefferson Davis may have been a more brilliant statesman, and Stonewall Jackson may have displayed more military genius in the field of battle; but in wisdom, nobility of nature, and grandeur of character, he surpassed all his contemporaries in that terrific struggle. But, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it is not my purpose this evening to pass in review the noble character of the illustrious man whom we have met to mourn over, or eulogize at length his virtues and military career. Sorrow and mourning are brief in their expressions of the heart. I now give place to others who will address you more at length, and I do more ample justice to the beloved and illustrious dead.

Gen. Easley, as arranged, succeeded Dr. Manly. We regret that we have not been able to procure a copy of his speech.

The Chairman then announced the following gentlemen as the committee to procure some suitable person to deliver a eulogy upon the life and character of Gen. Lee: Rev. J. P. BOYCE, D. D., Capt. W. E. EARLE, DR. AUGUSTUS D. HORN, HANLEY BEATTIE, JAMES BRINK.

The meeting then adjourned. During the meeting a choir of ladies and gentlemen sang several appropriate funeral hymns, which added to the deep solemnity of the occasion.

Particulars of the Death of General Robert E. Lee.

LEXINGTON, VA., October 13.—This community was plunged into profound sorrow upon the announcement of the death of General Lee. The various church bells rang out their mournful dirges. A general suspension of the duties of Washington College, Virginia Military Institute and the minor schools followed, and they will not resume again until after the final interment of the great chieftain. Every business house in the community was closed and flags affixed to the door. Even the colored barbers shut up their shops, and a general expression of deep grief was visible in every face. Washington College, the College Chapel of the Virginia Military Institute and the Episcopal Church, of which General Lee was a communicant, were draped in mourning a few hours after his death.

General Lee had been almost entirely unconscious since Monday night last, and expired very peacefully and quietly at half past nine o'clock Wednesday morning. He was first taken sick on Wednesday evening, September 28th, while just about to sit down to tea, when he suddenly sank in his chair insensible. He soon roused, and in the course of the next few days steadily improved, until it was hoped that he was out of danger; but on Monday evening last he became suddenly and rapidly worse, and continued to sink until Wednesday morning. During the early part of his sickness he slept much, and spoke but very little, but was rational, and awake, and always recognized those who approached him. At times his mind seemed for a little while to wander, and on several occasions he tried to get up, and at another time desired that his should be "washed."

He suffered but comparatively little pain during his whole sickness, and died with out a struggle. He will be buried on Saturday, October 15th, at 12 o'clock. The place selected for his interment is a vault beneath the College Chapel, which stands in the midst of the College grounds. This was the first building he had erected after his removal to Lexington, having declared that it was proper that the first thing the College did should be to dedicate a house to the services of religion. Here he will appropriately rest, surrounded by the monuments of his later years, his remaining sanctified by the mountain of that Virginia upon which he has conferred such imperishable fame.

The admiration which is felt for military greatness, though doubtless in many instances inordinate, is yet in itself a natural feeling. Those who have treated of the emotion of sublimity, place among the causes which produce it, the conception of power—and especially of power in exercise. The traveler who in the narrow foot-path through an African jungle, comes upon a sleeping lion, or he who walks through a building where tons of gunpowder lie at his feet exposed to view, realizes the first conception—the impressiveness of mere power. The impressiveness of power in exercise is felt by him who gazes upon the approaching tempest as it blackens the heavens, and with demoniacal roar sweeps down forests and houses in its course; and by him who looks upon Niagara making its mad leap with a force which would hurl the navies of the world to wreck and ruin in its abyss, or who looks upon the stupendous pile upon whose summit lurid flames and smoke roll heavenward, while from every doorway and window the fierce conflagration flicks its victims as with tongues of fire. It is easy to see how naturally exciting to the human mind must be the sight of an army—of a great and powerful nation, in which its unique movements, and its immense numbers, and office as an instrument of power, make it a very different thing from a machine we go to the thinking agent who holds it in his grasp; who wields it at his will—who is not himself swept along by its movements, but makes his volition the rule and direction of its complex movements, and we have in the great military chieftain, one of the noblest specimens of intellectual greatness. Such was the grand old hero whose death we mourn. History will put him in the very front rank. Against what odds he fought! and yet he annihilated the military reputation of commander after commander in an actual series, they too, picked from the class for whom service and science had done everything. Von Moltke has acquired historic fame by the plans which have carried Prussian standards to the environs of Paris. It is not too much to say that, with ROBERT E. LEE in his front, the Prussian leader would still be beyond the Rhine. General Grant never showed the soldier more honorably than when he declined to take the sword from the veteran defender of the Confederacy tendered to him as the signal of surrender. That surrender was only proof that the highest genius, and the highest courage cannot perform miracles. But genius and courage in military men are not always accompanied with moral worth. Not so here. The unblemished purity of his moral character was as conspicuous as his military qualities. It is said of the great Theban commander: "His private life was moral and refined; his public conduct unflinching by personal ambition or by personal hatred." This noble record would be as truthful on the tomb of LEE as on that of Epaminondas.

It is said that in a representation of one of the tragedies of Aeschylus, when the poet was describing a pre-meditated virtuous and upright man, the whole assembly rose and fixed their eyes upon Aristides. Methinks that even now, as by a similar impulse, "from the forests of Maine to the savannahs of Florida, from the eastern ocean to the western," the eyes of tens of thousands of minds are turning to the bier on which rests all that was mortal of our glorious countryman.

The writings of his father, General HENRY LEE, show him to have been a man who, in the cultivation of the moral character of his countrymen, added to the strength of masculine purpose, the tenderness of feminine assiduity. And the son was worthy of the sire.

Not is this all that we may say. A man may be virtuous, yet not be religious. He may scrupulously regard the rights of his fellow-men, and be governed by a pervading respect, and yet he may "forget God." Not so our revered hero. We remember his despatches, in which, in no spirit of questionable expediency, he spontaneously, without coercion or parade, revealed the habit of his mind in a devout acknowledgment of the providence of God. Like Gardiner and Havelland, putting his trust in his country and his arms, he has left to his countrymen and to mankind as a priceless legacy, the example of a soldier—blending the humility of the Christian with the highest type of heroism.

It therefore, with all my heart, support the movement to provide a suitable eulogy of our distinguished countryman.

Gen. Easley, as arranged, succeeded Dr. Manly. We regret that we have not been able to procure a copy of his speech.

The Chairman then announced the following gentlemen as the committee to procure some suitable person to deliver a eulogy upon the life and character of Gen. Lee: Rev. J. P. BOYCE, D. D., Capt. W. E. EARLE, DR. AUGUSTUS D. HORN, HANLEY BEATTIE, JAMES BRINK.

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The meeting then adjourned. During the meeting a choir of ladies and gentlemen sang several appropriate funeral hymns, which added to the deep solemnity of the occasion.

Particulars of the Death of General Robert E. Lee.

LEXINGTON, VA., October 13.—This community was plunged into profound sorrow upon the announcement of the death of General Lee. The various church bells rang out their mournful dirges. A general suspension of the duties of Washington College, Virginia Military Institute and the minor schools followed, and they will not resume again until after the final interment of the great chieftain. Every business house in the community was closed and flags affixed to the door. Even the colored barbers shut up their shops, and a general expression of deep grief was visible in every face. Washington College, the College Chapel of the Virginia Military Institute and the Episcopal Church, of which General Lee was a communicant, were draped in mourning a few hours after his death.

General Lee had been almost entirely unconscious since Monday night last, and expired very peacefully and quietly at half past nine o'clock Wednesday morning. He was first taken sick on Wednesday evening, September 28th, while just about to sit down to tea, when he suddenly sank in his chair insensible. He soon roused, and in the course of the next few days steadily improved, until it was hoped that he was out of danger; but on Monday evening last he became suddenly and rapidly worse, and continued to sink until Wednesday morning. During the early part of his sickness he slept much, and spoke but very little, but was rational, and awake, and always recognized those who approached him. At times his mind seemed for a little while to wander, and on several occasions he tried to get up, and at another time desired that his should be "washed."

He suffered but comparatively little pain during his whole sickness, and died with out a struggle. He will be buried on Saturday, October 15th, at 12 o'clock. The place selected for his interment is a vault beneath the College Chapel, which stands in the midst of the College grounds. This was the first building he had erected after his removal to Lexington, having declared that it was proper that the first thing the College did should be to dedicate a house to the services of religion. Here he will appropriately rest, surrounded by the monuments of his later years, his remaining sanctified by the mountain of that Virginia upon which he has conferred such imperishable fame.

The admiration which is felt for military greatness, though doubtless in many instances inordinate, is yet in itself a natural feeling. Those who have treated of the emotion of sublimity, place among the causes which produce it, the conception of power—and especially of power in exercise. The traveler who in the narrow foot-path through an African jungle, comes upon a sleeping lion, or he who walks through a building where tons of gunpowder lie at his feet exposed to view, realizes the first conception—the impressiveness of mere power. The impressiveness of power in exercise is felt by him who gazes upon the approaching tempest as it blackens the heavens, and with demoniacal roar sweeps down forests and houses in its course; and by him who looks upon Niagara making its mad leap with a force which would hurl the navies of the world to wreck and ruin in its abyss, or who looks upon the stupendous pile upon whose summit lurid flames and smoke roll heavenward, while from every doorway and window the fierce conflagration flicks its victims as with tongues of fire. It is easy to see how naturally exciting to the human mind must be the sight of an army—of a great and powerful nation, in which its unique movements, and its immense numbers, and office as an instrument of power, make it a very different thing from a machine we go to the thinking agent who holds it in his grasp; who wields it at his will—who is not himself swept along by its movements, but makes his volition the rule and direction of its complex movements, and we have in the great military chieftain, one of the noblest specimens of intellectual greatness. Such was the grand old hero whose death we mourn. History will put him in the very front rank. Against what odds he fought! and yet he annihilated the military reputation of commander after commander in an actual series, they too, picked from the class for whom service and science had done everything. Von Moltke has acquired historic fame by the plans which have carried Prussian standards to the environs of Paris. It is not too much to say that, with ROBERT E. LEE in his front, the Prussian leader would still be beyond the Rhine. General Grant never showed the soldier more honorably than when he declined to take the sword from the veteran defender of the Confederacy tendered to him as the signal of surrender. That surrender was only proof that the highest genius, and the highest courage cannot perform miracles. But genius and courage in military men are not always accompanied with moral worth. Not so here. The unblemished purity of his moral character was as conspicuous as his military qualities. It is said of the great Theban commander: "His private life was moral and refined; his public conduct unflinching by personal ambition or by personal hatred." This noble record would be as truthful on the tomb of LEE as on that of Epaminondas.

It is said that in a representation of one of the tragedies of Aeschylus, when the poet was describing a pre-meditated virtuous and upright man, the whole assembly rose and fixed their eyes upon Aristides. Methinks that even now, as by a similar impulse, "from the forests of Maine to the savannahs of Florida, from the eastern ocean to the western," the eyes of tens of thousands of minds are turning to the bier on which rests all that was mortal of our glorious countryman.

The writings of his father, General HENRY LEE, show him to have been a man who, in the cultivation of the moral character of his countrymen, added to the strength of masculine purpose, the tenderness of feminine assiduity. And the son was worthy of the sire.

Not is this all that we may say. A man may be virtuous, yet not be religious. He may scrupulously regard the rights of his fellow-men, and be governed by a pervading respect, and yet he may "forget God." Not so our revered hero. We remember his despatches, in which, in no spirit of questionable expediency, he spontaneously, without coercion or parade, revealed the habit of his mind in a devout acknowledgment of the providence of God. Like Gardiner and Havelland, putting his trust in his country and his arms, he has left to his countrymen and to mankind as a priceless legacy, the example of a soldier—blending the humility of the Christian with the highest type of heroism.

It therefore, with all my heart, support the movement to provide a suitable eulogy of our distinguished countryman.

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